

CONTACT

July 2020



Volume 61 - Issue 7
Sawston Free Church – Castle Camps URC

Sawston FC Regular Church Activities but please check diary below for full details or contact the relevant group.

Sunday	1 st Sunday of month	10.30 am 3.00 pm	Morning Worship Messy Church
	2 nd Sunday of month	10.30 am	Holy Communion No evening service
	3 rd Sunday of month	10.30 am	Morning Worship No evening service
	4 th Sunday of month	10.30 am	Go4th:Worship of Song, Prayer, Praise with the Worship Band No evening service
	5 th Sunday of month	10.30 am	Morning Worship No evening service
Monday	Alternate - see diary	10.00 am	Craft Group
Tuesday	Term time only	6.15 – 9.00pm	Boys’ and Girls’ Brigades
Thursday	Term time only	10.30 – noon	Time for Tots
Saturday	Last Saturday of month	10.30 am	Monthly Prayer Meeting

For further details of these activities, please contact one of the Elders (see back page).
Four housegroups meet regularly. For information contact the Church secretary.

Churches Services and Dates for Your Diary

Date	Sawston	Castle Camps
July	All Services and Groups suspended this month	All Services and Groups suspended this month
	Further details on the website	
	http://www.sawstonfreechurch.org.uk/	

This diary appears on the website. If you know of anything else you would like on the web diary, email: contact@sawston.com

Rotas

	Car	Flowers		Car	Flowers
July	All suspended this month	All suspended this month			

The closing date for **August** Contact is Sunday **19th July**

David Nunn is the editor, so please email your items to contact@sawston.com or anne.nunn@btinternet.com

Cover – Church Window – Scilly Isles

Contact

The monthly magazine of
Sawston Free Church & Castle Camps URC's
United Reformed – Methodist

Whilst in vacancy please refer Church related matters to:

secretary@sawstonfreechurch.org.uk or valeriespencer20@gmail.com (CastleCamps)

www.sawstonfreechurch.org.uk

www.facebook.com/SawstonFreeChurch

From Your Elders – Maggie, Mary, Sue, Mike, Yvonne and Anne

This year our experience of Spring was rather different as it was around that time that we went into Lockdown. We didn't know what to expect, there was a lot of uncertainty. Outside our homes Spring signalled new life, nature was performing its annual task, things were beginning to stir!

Many people found more time to observe the wonder of this act and quite a lot has been said about this. Over the past three months we have been sustained by nature, goodwill, and friendships. The words of this prayer express our thanks.

Prayer For Newness

Let us be thankful seeing the beauty around us,
pausing in wonder,
taking time to marvel,
open to every surprise.

Let us be thankful for life and for living,
for hope and for hopefulness.

Let us be thankful for deep friendships,
for those who take us as we are,
for those who expect much from us.

Let us be thankful for the simple gifts of every day,
for the rare, but deepest joys,
for every hint that life is good.

Let us be thankful beyond all else,
for you Jesus coming into our lives,
leaving nothing untransformed
and everything made new.

Let us be thankful.

For the past month there has been a sense of change as the government guidelines announce the opening of certain areas. Although we haven't been able to gather together in our church building we have still remained united in this experience happening around us. For each one of us coping with the experience will have been different. Please remember that we are all here for you. Phone us if you want to chat or would like help in any way.

Prayer

Lord, we pray that all may find our roots in you.
That nourished in love, and fed by Grace,
we may grow tall and strong
to face the storms that life will bring.

Amen

Greetings from Castle Camps.



We are basking in wall to wall sunshine again, but by the time this goes out it may have changed. The crops could certainly use some rain and the water barrels are getting empty.

The isolation continues and we are all missing face to face contact with our families. This reminded me of a couple of articles I wrote about twelve years ago – Grandparents and Cooperation.

What Is A Grandparent?

written by a class of 8yr olds

Grandparents are a lady and a man who have no children of their own. They like other people`s.

A Grandfather is a man and a Grandmother is a lady. Grandparents don't have to do anything except be there when we come to see them. They are so old that they should not play hard or run. It is good if they drive us to the shops and give us money. When they take us for walks they slow down past things, like pretty leaves and caterpillars. They show us and talk to us about the colours of flowers and why we should not step on cracks.

They don't say "Hurry Up". Usually grandmothers are fat, but not too fat to tie up your shoes. They wear glasses and funny underwear. They can take out their teeth and gums.

Grandparents don't have to be smart. They have to answer questions like "Why isn't God married and why do dogs chase cats?"

When they read to us, they don't skip bits and they do not mind if we ask for the same story over again.

Everybody should try to have a Grandmother, especially if you don't have a television, because they are the only grownups who like to spend time with us. They know we should have a snack before bed time and they say prayers with us and kiss us even if we have been naughty.

One 6yr old when asked where his Grandma lived said, "She lives at the airport and when we want her we just go and get her, then when we are done having her visit, we just take her back to the airport!"

This illustrates how important Grandparents are and what the children have been missing during lockdown.

“I apologise to those of you from Castle Camps who will have read this in your Newsletter”**David**

Cooperation

Cooperation is a wonderful concept, but quite a difficult idea to put into practice. Several things recently have made me realise just how hard it can be.

Whilst in Sainsbury's car park, Robert and I were endeavouring to open up baby's pushchair. His mother had placed the folded buggy in the boot for us and we drove off happily. Our efforts to open the wretched thing were lengthy and pathetic. We were both liberal with advice to one another and the atmosphere became quite charged as our embarrassment grew. However, we managed it finally and calm returned.

You can imagine how smug we felt when a few days later, we saw another pair of grandparents attempting to collapse a pushchair with similar difficulties. We were relieved that we were not the only ones finding the job difficult.

There are a few danger areas involving cooperation in an otherwise amicable marriage. One is bed making. I get very huffy if it is not executed as I like it to be done, with hospital corners and central creases. Consequently, I often find myself finishing the job alone. You would think that would teach me not to be bossy and rigid; but I never learn!

Another task which brings out our worst side is cooking together. It just does not work for us and we become tetchy and snappy as the preparations progress. We now take it in turns and praise one another's efforts tactfully. If it is so difficult for two people who are fond of one another to cooperate over small things, what hope is there for countries and governments trying to overcome massive and important differences affecting world affairs

We are continuing with our weekly letter to our congregation and we send copies to Rev. Norman Setchell and Rev. Bruce Waldron. It is nice to hear how they are. Norman is enjoying his allotment and Bruce has had to contend with freezing temperatures!

Love from all in Castle Camps and we look forward to joining you all in church services in the not too distant future.

Val and Friends

1st Sawston Brigades Virtual Sleepout



Lockdown has presented us all with a number of challenges, but at Brigades, we have been thinking of ways to stay connected to the members of our group, who normally come to Sawston Free Church on Tuesday evenings.

David and I have been emailing families each week, and having weekly Zoom meetings which have ranged from a scavenger hunt finding items around the house and showing them to the screen, to drawing and suggesting things to draw at the same time – I never knew I would be drawing 7 hippopotami next to an island with 3 clouds below to mention a few!

It was hilarious to see everyone's attempts and how unique they were, all following the same instructions. So, what could we do next? Well, in light of the fact our summer camp to Little Thetford is not going to happen, could we have a virtual camp? How could that work?

We suggested a one night sleepover in May half term to start with, and see who would like to join in, maybe sleeping at the opposite end of the bed, in a den or somewhere more unusual. We told Brigades members about it and I posted the event on our Facebook page on Thursday before the Saturday night's sleepout.

By Saturday afternoon we had over 1000 views in Facebook and some people far and wide wanted to join in.



At 7pm, Brigades members had a zoom call to see where each other planned to sleep including on a trampoline, in a tent, a sofa in the garden, in the conservatory: wearing a tiger onesie no less (!), a sofabed and the other end of the bed.

Abbie, Isaac and myself took part, sleeping in our garden. We settled down to sleep just after the SpaceX Dragon rocket had launched (what an exciting and

awesome achievement that was!) and then slept well until about 5am when the lovely but loud birdsong and the light made it impossible to get back to sleep so we tiptoed back into our beds and slept happily for a few hours longer.



Meanwhile Matthew (Jones) emailed to share he had a great night in his tent, kept Smartie the dog out and managed to cook a delicious breakfast for himself. Impressive.

How David managed to sleep on the sofa in his garden until 8.30am I will never know, but we had a yummy outside breakfast in the glorious sunshine of Pentecost.



The following Tuesday we had another Zoom call to find out how we all slept. It was a mixed night of sleep, but all had a lot of fun!

Looking at Facebook, our post now has reached 2,294 people which is over 800% more than our normal posts. How fantastic is that? It just goes to show that the Holy Spirit can move us to do things we wouldn't normally do, and engage with a whole host of people around the world. How fitting that we woke up on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit entered the disciples, connecting them with people from many countries.

Would we do it again, yes definitely, and we are already thinking of ways to connect with more people. You never know, you might want to join us next time!

Lucy McGregor

Peace



During July, our Messy Church team invite you to think, and talk, about Peace. Please share your photos and videos with us via our Facebook page or by emailing messy@sawstonfreechurch.org.uk

“...The Lord is near. Do not be anxious about anything, but in every situation, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus.”

~ **Philippians 4: 5-7**

Our song for this month is The Blessing. There are two versions:

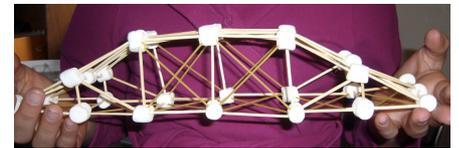
<https://tinyurl.com/kidsblessing>

<https://tinyurl.com/makatonblessing>

Try and learn some of the Makaton signs for the words in the song and when we are all able to meet together again we can sing and sign it as a group.

Activity 1: Build a bridge

You will need: something to make a bridge out of – you could use dried spaghetti and mini marshmallows, or cocktail sticks and soaked dried peas, or rolled-up newspaper sheets and sticky tape, or planks of wood and rope.



Challenge everyone in your household to make a bridge between one spot and another.

Talk about the way a bridge can be a symbol of bringing two sides together when something divides them.

What sort of things divide people?

Some people see Jesus as a bridge – what do you think they mean?

Activity 2: Peace cranes

You will need: paper squares

In Japan, children write their prayers and hopes for peace on paper cranes they have made.

This is the story behind this tradition: Sadako was a young Japanese girl, badly affected by the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima at the end of World War II. She was taken to hospital for treatment. The nurses encouraged her and the other children to accept the medicines by folding for them origami figures out of small square medicine wrappers. Sadako's favourite was the crane. An old Japanese legend stated that anyone who faithfully folded 1,000 cranes would have her wish fulfilled.

Sadako began folding cranes and her wish was, of course, that she would recover. However, when she sensed that she was not going to get better from the effects of the radiation, she changed her wish and prayed instead for peace between the countries of the world. With every crane that she folded, she whispered, 'I will write peace on your wings and you will fly all over the world. 'She had folded 664 cranes when sadly she died. The children of Japan learned of Sadako's wish and they too began folding cranes. Every year on Hiroshima Day (6 August), you can see thousands of paper cranes suspended from the tower in Hiroshima Peace Park.

<https://tinyurl.com/messycrane> for instructions about how to fold a simple crane from a square of paper.



Talk about why you think it is so hard for people in the world to be at peace with one another.

Activity 3 :An oil and water experiment

You will need: cooking oil; water; food colouring; washing-up liquid; plastic bottle

Try mixing oil and water. Pour 2 tablespoons of oil into a bottle.

Fill it up about half full of water. Add a drop or two of food colouring.

Put the lid on tightly and shake until you think it's well mixed. Let it settle.

What happens?

- It just separates again into oil and water!

What happens if you add a few drops of washing-up liquid?

- The washing-up liquid reacts with both oil and water to form an emulsion – it joins them together (very useful when you're washing your hands with soap and water to get rid of dirt).

Opposites can be brought together if something else is added that reacts with both.



Talk about how, when people quickly take sides and refuse to come together to solve their differences, Christians are called, like Jesus, to be peacemakers who break down those differences and bring people together again.

How easy do you find it to be a peacemaker?

A Quiet Time

Paul wrote in a letter to the Christians in Corinth:

'God was in Christ, offering peace and forgiveness to the people of this world. And He has given us the work of sharing His message about peace' ~ 2 Corinthians 5:19

Can you think of one way you can 'share his message about peace' this week.

There is a recognised international prayer for peace.

It is written out below with some suggested simple actions to accompany the words.

**Dear God,
Lead me**

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| ... from death to life | (hands crossed over body and then hands raised above the head) |
| ... from falsehood to truth | (one hand close to the mouth, suggesting a malicious whisper, and then both hands with thumbs up next to the mouth suggesting the truth) |
| ... from despair to hope | (one hand on the forehead in despair and then the same hand shading the eyes, looking out to the future in hope) |
| ... from fear to trust | (two hands by the mouth expressing terror and then both hands open in front of the body expressing trust) |
| ... from hate to love | (one hand raised as a fist and then two hands over the heart) |
| ... from war to peace. | (one hand shaped like a gun and then two hands linked by the thumbs, palms inward, creating a dove of peace) |

Let peace fill

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| ... our heart | (the hands still as the dove of peace near to the heart) |
| ... our world | (hands as the dove of peace making a small circle away from the heart) |
| ... our universe. | (hands as a dove of peace making a much larger circle away from the body) |

Amen

Stay safe everyone and please keep in touch.

Love from Valerie, on behalf of The Sawston Messy Church Team



About fifty years ago I heard Ian Wallace, the operatic and light music singer, tell on Steve Race's radio programme *My Music* how he once overheard a stage hand declaring volubly, '*Rocks is Props*'. Apparently, in the opera world, there is/was a running dispute between stage hands as to whether rocks count as props or scenery. In the normal run of opera, Wallace maintained, rocks counted as scenery, but in Wagner, the rocks count as property. It is all to do with the permanence or otherwise of the article. Scenery stays where it is put. Props do not. Surprising things happen to rocks during a Wagner opera, so in Wagner, rocks is props.

Margaret and I have a similar dispute about the pictures on our walls. To me, pictures are scenery. You decide what you want where, you screw them to the wall as part of the design of the room, and that is that. Margaret, on the other hand, thinks it nice to change them from time to time. To me this is inexplicable, rather like waking up one morning and thinking that it would be nice if the bedroom walls were a different colour. Why? If they were fine yesterday, they ought to be fine tomorrow surely? My resistance isn't on any principle more lofty than that there are other things on which I would rather spend my time and energy.

Does the argument pan out differently when it comes to public statues? I think it does. Statues, I think, are props. They can be changed just as the vase on the mantelpiece can be changed. Just because it always has been there, it doesn't follow that it always must.

Our prime minister and others have suggested that people agitating to remove statues want to re-write history. What is wrong with re-writing history? History is constantly being re-written. For example, when I was a boy, no-one reading in English about the Boer War would read about the appalling British concentration camps in which (it is thought) thousands of innocent people died in terrible conditions. When a statue is erected in a public place, it is to indicate that this person is honoured by society. I see no reason why, when that person's history becomes a matter of public disquiet, that statue should not be taken down on the grounds that the person is no longer honoured as they once were. If this is 're-writing history', then bring it on! To decline to re-write history in this way is tantamount to censorship. We Christians have a deep spiritual commitment to the truth, however awkward it may be. We also have deep commitments to reconciliation, healing and forgiveness.

If we are to change our public furniture in this way, perhaps we should re-name some of our roads too. (Were I to live in Prince Andrew Way rather than Prince William Way I might have a significant personal interest in the point.) When, as a teenager, I used to visit my big brother at Bristol University with my parents. We drove up Whiteladies Road, then Blackboy Hill, to Wills Court where he lived. I felt a certain disquiet even in those days - the 1960s! (I think it very likely that the Wills tobacco fortune was originally built on the slave trade, but I admit that I have not found evidence to

prove it.) Street names are always changing. Even place names change. I would be interested to know why Shelford Magna is now called Great Shelford. Was this an image massage in the wake of some kind of social embarrassment?

Sadly, what is impossible is the elimination of past pain. No amount of reparation or compensation can achieve that. Thirty years ago I broke my shoulder. The pain was terrible. After all these years, my shoulder still aches, and I shall never be able to lift my right elbow above my shoulder because there is a piece of bone in the wrong place. I have to live with not being able to raise my elbow, for nothing can be done about that. I can take pain killers when the ache is bad. But nothing on earth can take away the memory of the pain of the original accident.

So let us make such public, social, economic and political adjustments as we can. Let us be absolutely clear about the mistakes, cruelties and injustices of the past. Let us do everything we can to create a fair, equal, just and happy society for today and tomorrow. Let us do everything we can to address today's pain, including removing those public images that appear to glory in today's injustices. And let us learn to live with the deeply uncomfortable truth that the only thing that can be done to address the pain and injustice of yesterday is to address the pain and injustice of today and tomorrow. In that way we might address our commitments to truth, reconciliation and healing. And forgiveness? Ah! Sadly, you cannot make someone forgive you. And if they won't, you have to live with it with as good a grace as you can.

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Her Hands

© Maggie Pittman

Her hands held me gently from the day I took my first breath.
Her hands helped to guide me as I took my first step.
Her hands held me close when the tears would start to fall.
Her hands were quick to show me that she would take care of it all.

Her hands were there to brush my hair, or straighten a wayward bow.
Her hands were often there to comfort the hurts that didn't always show.
Her hands helped hold the stars in place, and encouraged me to reach.
Her hands would clap and cheer and praise when I captured them at length.

Her hands would also push me, though not down or in harm's way.
Her hands would punctuate the words, just do what I say.
Her hands sometimes had to discipline, to help bend this young tree.
Her hands would shape and mould me into all she knew I could be.

Her hands are now twisting with age and years of work,
Her hand now needs my gentle touch to rub away the hurt.
Her hands are more beautiful than anything can be.
Her hands are the reason I am me.

Just Follow Your Dreams

As many of you know I have always had a fascination of the natural world, especially that which resides under the ocean, rivers and lakes.

It only seems like yesterday that I started university and yet I am now heading into my 4th year in marine and freshwater biology, when I will hopefully end up with an integrated master's degree.

Living in Aberystwyth has allowed me to live by the sea, watching dolphins and porpoises play and jump in the light of the setting and rising sun. I have been able to get close to all marine organisms and truly appreciate them and understand how important they are to save.

My 3rd year project was looking into the genetics of a species of crustacean to see if there are any common links within the DNA across all crustacea and insects.

My 4th year project will be on a similar heading, again looking at the DNA of crustaceans and how the moulting process is periodically controlled.

I hope to eventually use some of this knowledge to control invasive species, which will help protect our native species and lead to a sustainable ecosystem. I just wanted to say thank you to everyone who has supported me and encouraged me to follow my dreams and the path I believe I was set on.

I hope everyone is doing well regarding the current climate and to just say that there is always someone on the other end of the phone who will be more than happy to call if you need someone to talk to.

Regards,

Callum Nightingale

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WHEN THIS IS OVER

By Laura Kelly Fanucci

(with thanks to Rosemary Livings)

When this is over,

May we never again take for granted

A handshake with a stranger

Full shelves at the stores

Conversations with neighbours

A crowded theatre

Friday night out

The taste of communion

A routine checkup

The school rush each morning

Coffee with a friend

The stadium roaring

Each deep breath

A boring Tuesday

Life itself

When this ends,

May we find that we have become

More like the people we wanted to be

We were called to be, we hoped to be

And may we stay that way

Better for each other, because of the worst.

Update from the North

As some of you may know I've spent the last couple of years living and working at the Northumbria Community's mother house Nether Springs in Northumberland. After two-and-a-bit wonderfully enriching years there, Christmas felt like the right time to move on. I wasn't exactly sure what I was stepping into next but amongst other things I had gained an increasing awareness of my love of the outdoors, the natural world and working with natural materials. Whenever I had time, the garden had become one of my very favourite places at the Community enjoying tending the flowers and vegetables that we grew there. I also took part in several creative retreats and local groups learning various new skills.

So in the New Year, when a local friend of the Community invited me to live with her family on their small-holding, where she also runs willow weaving and felting workshops, it seemed like the perfect place to be based whilst I figured out what the next season would look like. Little did we all know that we were soon to find ourselves in lockdown together and my gardening apprenticeship would be even closer to home than I thought!! So, for the last three months, I've had the privilege of becoming an honorary member of the family and being fully immersed in their lifestyle.

Aside from the humans, Charlotte and Andrew and their teenage daughter Yeverin, the family consists of chickens, ducks and guinea fowl (which go off like a burglar alarm any time someone approaches the property!), Scarlett and Rosie the miniature donkeys, two mischievous kittens, a small herd of beautiful Shetland sheep and a border collie who likes to supervise all of the above! Oh, and several hives of bees. The family aims to grow as much of their own veg as possible and



with a greenhouse and polytunnel as well as plenty of outdoor growing space. Once the animals have been fed and walked, we've been busy sowing and planting every vegetable you can imagine. I, like so many people this year, have taken so much delight in watching life emerge from a bunch of tiny dry seeds and watching them grow to the point where we're now eating the first home grown courgettes, peas and strawberries of the season. And when the practical work is done, I've been joining in the home-schooling, and working towards an RHS certificate in horticulture.

Some other highlights have included walking the donkeys through the village on Good Friday and a sunrise bonfire on Easter Sunday to mark the occasion. I've helped our six ewes to produce ten gorgeous lambs this year, I've befriended Bracken, an unusually affectionate sheep and watched six goslings and seven ducklings hatch and grow. On rainy days I've woven baskets, learnt to darn clothes and knitted my first pair of socks from home spun wool. I've also now started working as a gardener at a local organic farm several days a week.

It's been really inspiring working with and witnessing the rhythms and produce of The Creation that surrounds us more closely than I have ever done before. Seeing how interdependent we all are and how abundant and resilient the natural world can be but also how fragile and transient things can be too. We're in a season of plenty right now but it was only a few weeks ago that the lack of rain was becoming a real concern for the sheep as the grass was simply not growing, and a few weeks earlier when the ground was bare and our stocks of winter veg finally ran out. I'm reminded often of Ecclesiastes 3, ***in these days where so much is uncertain for so many people, that there is a time for everything and that whatever season we find ourselves in, it will pass.*** And as we remembered when we sat around our bonfire on Easter morning, watching light seep in to the sky and gradually eradicate any trace of darkness, we have a hope in something that transcends all else and that remains present and intricately interwoven into every season.

Fiona Harriss

Daydreaming

David

Thursday, June 18th and it's raining. As I sit drinking a cup of coffee and looking out at the garden, I start to think about Contact. I wonder how many articles I will receive this month. I usually receive a few surprises which are very welcome.

My thoughts wander back to "this time last year" when Anne and I had a wonderful holiday on the Isles of Scilly.

We stayed at a lovely small guest house on St Mary's and I think of the land lady and her partner who were so welcoming and we immediately felt relaxed and at home. It soon became obvious that we were "the new guests" as everyone else knew each other and had met up each year at the same time and place. We soon joined in with the chatter.

I think of the breakfast area with its 5 or 6 tables packed close together. Social distancing would be impossible and I have no doubt that the guest house will be closed for holiday makers. I believe tourism has collapsed. How will they manage this year? It is so sad to think of the hardship being caused by coronavirus and the disappointment of the owners and their guests who looked forward to their yearly reunions.



The islands were perfect for walkers. The country lanes were narrow, no traffic and very quiet. The dry stone walls and grass verges were covered with colourful flowers. We spent our days walking the coastal paths and the beaches. The sand was soft and golden with very few sun bathers. We left our footprints as we continued our walk, no problem with social distancing here.

Holiday makers would meet each day at the harbours and join the queues waiting to be ferried to one of the numerous islands by the small boats. There were plenty of trips to see the numerous sea birds and seals and gardens to visit. We would all cram aboard, sitting close together, chatting and laughing at the occasional splash from the waves.

These boats will not be the same this year – how sad.

Anne has just come downstairs from her zoom meeting – Time For Tots.

My thoughts return to the present time – still raining. Time to take Bonnie for a walk and avoid other walkers, social distancing. ***What a difference a year makes.***

(Google: "Virtual Tour Tresco Gardens" and under videos select 'a very quick visit 13mins)



Apple Amber

This recipe is straight from my school cookbook. I was a pupil at Tonbridge Technical School for girls in Kent. I enjoyed my time there and we did not have any detentions, unlike my previous school where I managed to get 13 detentions in one term for talking!

(I am surprised Beryl...you are so quiet...David)

When Terry and I were courting I often used to serve this dessert up for him when he came for a meal at my flat in Ely.

Ingredients

2 ozs short crust pastry made up.
1 lb apples
2 tablespoons of water
2 ozs sugar or to taste
2 egg yolks
1 oz butter or margarine
A little lemon juice or cinnamon
For meringue - 2 whites of eggs plus 4ozs of castor sugar

Method

Stew peeled and cored apples in water and mash them up.

Add sugar to taste, plus lemon juice or cinnamon and yolks.

Line sides and edges of a pie dish with the thinly rolled out pastry.

Pour apple mixture into the dish and cook until set in oven at 170c.

Prepare the meringue and cover the apple and put back in oven and bake at 140c until crisp on top.

This can feed three to four people or even just two!

Best Wishes

Beryl

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OPEN or CLOSED? – Sawston Free Church



Please be aware that for various reasons, our Elders have decided NOT to open for private prayer.

Elders have access to some good advice on the URC website re Coronavirus and we are very fortunate to also have direct access to our Synod Moderator, Paul Whittle, who is also our Interim Moderator!

Paul has been able to give us some good advice and wise words. Elders have decided we need to do a risk assessment of our buildings so that we are able to make informed decisions about opening our building as and when we are allowed. Many factors will be considered including the safety of our own members. We will of course let you know if anything changes.

Maggie

Poem about Slowing Down

Have you ever watched kids
On a merry-go-round,
Or listened to rain
Slapping the ground?

Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight,
Or gazed at the sun fading into the night?

You better slow down,
Don't dance so fast,
Time is short,
The music won't last

Do you run through each day
On the fly,
When you ask, "How are you?",
Do you hear the reply?

When the day is done
Do you lie in your bed,
With the next hundred chores
Running through your head?

You better slow down,
Don't dance so fast,
Time is short,
The music won't last

Ever told your child,
We'll do it tomorrow,
And in your haste,
Not see his sorrow?

Ever lost touch,
Let a friendship die,
'Cause you never had time
To call and say hi?

You better slow down,
don't dance so fast,
time is short,
the music won't last

When you run so fast to get somewhere
You miss half the fun of getting there.
When you worry and hurry through your day,
It's like an unopened gift thrown away.

Life isn't a race,
So take it slower,
Hear the music
Before your song is over

Written by David L. Weatherford

Support Service

Since the start of lockdown our Support team has dealt with around 450 telephone calls, mainly around benefits, housing and our foodbank. Some of these enquiries came from referrals by medical professionals, South Cambridgeshire District Council, headteachers and other charities. There is a noticeable rise in the number of people out of work or facing reduced incomes, with some having to apply for benefits or seek temporary accommodation for the first time.



JHC has always worked closely with a network of charities across Cambridge and Sawston; now more than ever this multi-agency approach is proving invaluable. As always, we aim to respond practically, flexibly and quickly, liaising with these local partners whenever possible.

Telephone appointments are also available with Chloe, our Citizens' Advice specialist debt adviser, by calling 0344 848 7979 or through www.cambridgecab.org.uk.

Foodbank

Thanks to people's generous donations, JHC distributed 450 foodbags last year. By comparison, we have already given out 526 foodbags in 2020. So we are especially grateful to the churches and everyone who has contributed items via Church baskets or by dropping goods at our office recently. Heartfelt thanks also to our local Spar shop for its very generous donation and to the Sawston Co-op for their donations' basket and team's ongoing help and support.

Grants

JHC continues to process grant applications. In addition, if you are on a low income with children who need to do school work remotely but don't have access to a computer, please contact us as we may be able to help. And our local hardship fund, set up by St. Mary's Church, Sawston, continues to be managed by us for members of their church family.

Contacting us

Now more than ever, John Huntingdon's Charity is here to help where it can.

We have stayed open every weekday throughout the Covid-19 crisis with some of the team working from home. Please check our website for current, slightly reduced, opening hours before visiting us. Please don't hesitate to get in touch via 01223 492492 or office@johnhuntingdon.org.uk if you have concerns brought about, or made worse, by the impact of Covid-19.

Jill Hayden, Charity Manager

Church Directory

Minister In vacancy	All church related matters to secretary@sawstonfreechurch.org.uk	Tel
Secretaries: Maggie Jones - Sawston Val Spencer – Castle Camps	21 Hillside, Sawston 20 South Road, Abington	565637 892214
Elders: Sawston Mary Simuyandi Anne Nunn Mike Purdy Sue Sisk Yvonne Sparrow	28 New Road, Sawston 10 London Road, Sawston 42 Granta Road, Sawston 63 Babraham Road, Sawston 25 Edinburgh Ave, Sawston	837433 832913 830903 833508 473937
Joint Treasurers: Lynne Hays Terry Penny	Baggot Hall, Station Road, Harston April Lodge, 81 Brewery Road, Pampisford	871800 833635
Contact Editors David & Anne Nunn	10 London Road, Sawston Email: anne.nunn@btinternet.com	832913
Church Bookings	Maggie Jones, 21 Hillside, Sawston	565637
Church Website: Facebook page:	www.sawstonfreechurch.org.uk/ www.facebook.com/SawstonFreeChurch	



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